

Topeka State Journal

An Independent Newspaper.
By FRANK P. MAO LENNAN.

(Entered July 1, 1870, as second-class matter at the postoffice at Topeka, Kan., under act of congress.)

VOLUME XXXVIII.....No. 152

Official State Paper.
Official Paper City of Topeka.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Daily edition, delivered by carrier, 10 cents a week in any part of Topeka or suburbs or at the same price in any carrier area where the paper has a carrier.
By mail, six months.....\$3.00
By mail, one year.....\$5.00
By mail, 100 calendar days.....1.00

TELEPHONE.
Private branch exchange, Call 3200 and an apartment district.
Topeka State Journal building, 800, 802 and 804 Kansas avenue, corner Eighth.
New York office, 250 Fifth avenue, Paul Block, manager.
Chicago office, 100 Madison building, Paul Block, manager.
Boston office, 201 Devonshire street, Paul Block, manager.

FULL PUBLISHED WEEK REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and gives the full day telegraph report of that great news organization, for the exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.
The news is received in the State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

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HOME NEWS WHILE AWAY.
Subscribers of the State Journal away from home during the summer may have the paper mailed regularly each day to any address at the rate of ten cents a week or thirty cents a month by mail only. Address change as often as desired. While the paper is mailed from home, advance payment is requested on these short time subscriptions, to save bookkeeping expenses.

Henry Ford who is so devoted to the arts and theories of peace that he proposes to discharge all his employees who are already members of the Michigan National Guard as well as any who may enlist in it in response to their country's call—how would he, if it is not impertinent to inquire, how would he have handled the United States end of Mexican situation without any soldiers at all. Possibly he has an idea that if the Mexicans, bandits and otherwise, knew that the United States didn't have a soldier in Mexico, they would have respected our weakness and they would never have thought of raiding any of our territory.

But surely Mr. Ford cannot be so credulous as to believe that there is any such potency to the pursuit of peace. And is Mr. Ford in favor of the abolition of Detroit's police force? And does he think that safes and bank vaults, where his millions of dollars are probably stored, are unnecessary things?

Suppose the Kansas wheat crop makes a yield of only 90,226,000 bushels, which is the estimate that is founded on the latest reports of the condition of the wheat that have been received by J. C. Mohler, secretary of the Kansas department of agriculture. That will be several million bushels better than the ten-year average. Kansas wheat crop, and in which average is included the monster 177,000,000-bushel crop of 1914.

News from Washington that is of the too-good-to-be-true type tells that Mr. Baker, the new secretary of war, has succeeded in glazing right and left the red tape that has hampered for so long and so seriously the administration of the military affairs of this nation. If Mr. Baker has actually succeeded in doing this, he has earned thereby a place of prominence for himself among the few really great secretaries of war that this country has possessed.

If the personnel of the attendance at the big Hughes and Fairbanks meeting at the auditorium on Saturday night is an indication of the general conditions that prevail hereabouts in one corner of the national political arena, it would seem safe to suggest that practically all of the Bull Moose of yesteryear in these parts have suddenly transformed themselves into most enthusiastic Elephants. Where could they go, though, after their own house had tumbled down on their heads, except to their old home? There isn't no place like it.

Chilean newspapers are right in their analysis that the United States has no intention of getting Mexico and retaining possession of it, in the event that this country decided to intervene by arms in the land below the Rio Grande and pacify it. This is a job that would undoubtedly take some time. But whenever it might be completed and the United States had assisted the Mexicans in setting up an orderly government, we would retire and leave all of Mexico for the Mexicans. Any other attitude on the part of the United States would be as indefensible and unpopular at home as it would abroad.

BETTER WAYS.
Progress is no monopoly of the cannon makers, says Collier's. In one issue of the Electrical World we note that the Columbus (Ohio) Railway Power and Light company has set out to make its buildings safer. Fire escapes, standard doors, and other improvements have been added, along with a rigid system of inspection to prevent the accumulation of waste and grease, so that in three years fire risks and insurance rates have been cut nearly in half. In Johnston, S. C., F. M. Boyd, manager for the Carolina

Public Service company, has devised a new type of twenty-five-foot pole with a twelve-foot mast-arm sticking out on the street side so as to keep the poles lined up on the curb but get the wires away from the beautiful old elm and water oaks that are the glory of Johnston's highway. Anyone who has seen the ruin and mutilation left by fanatical tree trimmers will appreciate Mr. Boyd's device. The Ohio Electric Light association reports that its members have saved from three to five cents per ton on all coal handled at certain of their power houses by putting in an eight-hour day for firemen. This ought to interest the old-timers, who think twelve hours' toll an inalienable right for engine-room workers. Those three items cover vital subjects and are only part of the gist in one issue of a live technical journal. That's how our United States goes along.

ROOSEVELT, THE PATRIOT.

If Theodore Roosevelt be guilty of the charge that has been made against him so repeatedly during the last few years that he was responsible for the strangling of the Republican party in 1912—but which accusation probably could not be sustained before an impartial judicial tribunal on all of the evidence surrounding the activities of the Republican national convention of that year that led up to the disastrous whim in the party, and which evidence was presented in detail in these columns a little while ago—but if Theodore Roosevelt was responsible for the political debacle of 1912 that shattered the Republican party almost to the destruction of its very foundations, he would assuredly seem to have made amends for that political calamity by the attitude he has assumed towards the present presidential campaign, as it is outlined, forcefully and completely in his letter of today to what may possibly be the last formal meeting of the national committee of the Progressive party.

There is nothing equivocal in Theodore Roosevelt's acceptance of the decision of the Republican national convention that concluded its labors in Chicago a short two weeks ago.

But then, there is never anything of the equivocal in any stand that Theodore Roosevelt may take. He is for an issue or a man, or he is against an issue or a man. And he is for or against the issue of the man with both of his firm and unalterable feet.

"I shall, therefore, strongly support Mr. Hughes."

"I wish very solemnly to ask the representatives of the Progressive party to consider at this time only the welfare of the people of the United States."

"I earnestly bespeak for my fellow Progressives their ungrudging support of Mr. Hughes."

These are the sentences with which Mr. Roosevelt places his seal of approval on the work of the Republican national convention of 1916.

These are the sentences with which Mr. Roosevelt urges the Republicans who followed him into the Bull Moose party in 1912 to join him in the support of the candidate whom the Republican party has nominated for the presidency.

They are framed in language so direct and simple that their purpose is unmistakable.

There can be no question of the whole-heartedness with which Mr. Roosevelt acquiesces in the judgment of his fellow Republicans of other days as it was expressed by their representatives at Chicago in selecting a standard bearer for one of the most crucial political campaigns in the whole history of the nation.

And there can be no question of the quality of the support that Mr. Roosevelt will accord to the Republican presidential candidate.

In the course of his letter to the Progressive national committee Colonel Roosevelt presents clear and sufficient reasons why he has assumed this attitude and reasons that are also convincing why his fellow Progressives should order their political steps in this critical campaign ahead along the same lines.

In this letter Mr. Roosevelt reiterates in brief his now pretty well-known arraignment and indictment of the accomplishments, or rather failures of Woodrow Wilson in the presidential office, and especially with respect to the hesitating and uncertain policies he has pursued in connection with the European war and with Mexico.

They are severe, but nevertheless merited.

Theodore Roosevelt considers that the future welfare of the country, and that of the immediate future, demands the defeat of Woodrow Wilson at the polls in November.

He believes that this defeat can be secured by the Progressive party's continuance at this time of the third party movement which he and his friends launched four years ago; and if the Progressives of yesterday see the light that is before them and do their duty by the Progressive party, and in the emphatic support of the Republican presidential candidate.

And he is satisfied in his own mind and most fixedly convinced that Charles Evans Hughes is worthy in every way of such support.

Mr. Hughes has shown in his career as writer Mr. Roosevelt, "the instinct of efficiency which will guarantee that, under him, the government will once more work with vigor and force. He possesses the habit of a straightforward thinking which means that his words will be correlated with his deeds and translated into facts. His plans, standard doors, and other improvements have been added, along with a rigid system of inspection to prevent the accumulation of waste and grease, so that in three years fire risks and insurance rates have been cut nearly in half. In Johnston, S. C., F. M. Boyd, manager for the Carolina

acts after election. Morally, his public record shows him to be a man of unbending integrity; intellectually, it shows him to be a man of original and trained ability. We have the alternative of continuing in office an administration which has proved a lamentable failure, or of putting into office any reason to believe we have ever had an administration which will function with efficiency for the interest and honor of all our people."

Theodore Roosevelt is unerring in his judgment of men. And since he is possessed of such a generous opinion of the Republican presidential candidate, there is readily understood the emphasis and sincerity of his exhortation to the Progressives:

"I earnestly bespeak for my fellow Progressives their ungrudging support of Mr. Hughes."

Theodore Roosevelt has been painted—and by many of the Republicans as being the perfect ultimate of a political ambition that is entirely selfish.

He has been likened by them as the man above all other men in this country who glows over and revels in political ruin if he cannot rule.

It is about time that such a picture of Theodore Roosevelt be turned over the wall and its grotesque characteristics forgotten.

Theodore Roosevelt stands forth today before all men in the true colors that his friends have always known he possessed.

A word from him and the Progressive party would have been as alive today as it ever had been. He would have been its presidential candidate. And the campaign he would have waged would have been the vigor of this party that it might have carried him to victory, even in the three-cornered fight that would have thus been on.

But there was the larger possibility that a third party movement this year would have resulted just as disastrously to itself and the Republican party as it did four years ago.

This was the alternative confronting Theodore Roosevelt.

He didn't hesitate.

He didn't think of himself.

According to his ideas the most important business demanding the attention of the American people today is the denial of a re-election to Woodrow Wilson.

No chances must be taken against the achievement of that end.

What he deems to be the welfare of his country means more to Theodore Roosevelt than the glorification of the multitudes who would have followed him had he continued the third party movement this year.

And so he takes his place, not at the head of a vigorous party of virile men, but in the ranks of the old party that has so often honored him and on which he has just as often shed so much lustre.

He takes his place in the file of those who have fought him as vigorously as they have favored him in times past.

He proposes to fight with them this year for what he considers to be the good of his country. And for the very excellent reason that their and his presidential candidate is a man of sufficient caliber in every way to discharge the onerous duties of the presidency in what promises to be one of the most trying of times in the history of the country; and a man who is, therefore, deserving of and entitled to his support.

Theodore Roosevelt emerges from a conflict that has raged for four long years within and without the Republican party as one of the greatest, if not the very greatest political patriot of his country.

He will be a tower of strength to the cause of the Republican party and its presidential candidate, Charles Evans Hughes.

Journal Entries

If a man is anxious to find out just what a woman thinks of him he should marry her.

Some men are so getting more than they are looking for by underestimating the strength of their foes.

What has become of the old-fashioned girl who wore "rats" and "puffs" and other false appearances for coiffures?

Maybe some people do not know how to use money properly because they've never had enough of it to practice with.

A husband who never gives his wife cause for complaint is likely to be considered a mean old thing just for that reason.

Jayhawker Jots

Nothing succeeds like success quotes the Hutchinson Reformatory Herald and it adds: It pays to put up a good front provided there is something solid back of it.

"Personal" item in the Athol Record: Blane Nyburg began to get tired of bachelor days and has bought a new bride and a fine team, and started north. We hope you get her, Blane.

The Teutonville correspondent of the Athol Record describes a recent rain as "a regular old hen drowner and pond filler" and reports the gladsome news that the "old swimming hole is full."

The bride was attired in an elegant dress of snowy white and the groom wore conventional black, writes Editor of the Hutchinson Reformatory Herald in the course of a report of a wedding, and he is evidently a "safety first" enthusiast as he added in parenthesis: "This is a man's report and we cannot be expected to be able to know whether or not, surah, messaline or brocade were the material of the day's dress. But all said the bride was most charming."

The Evening Story

(By Catherine Cranmer.)

"Positively my last appearance this season at a stupid, so-called 'at home'!" Betty Barnes dropped among the pillows on the cretonne-covered couch in her mother's bedroom, and pulled off her long gloves with languid jerks.

"Surely you don't mean that Mrs. Mason's 'at home' was anything but a success?" Her mother's response was both a protest and an inquiry.

"Too successful," was Betty's bored reply. "That's one reason it was tiresome. But I'm tired of being a detail in the stage setting for some woman ambitious to put over on her gullible guests either her money or her brains or her marriageable daughters."

"You surprise me, Betty." Ambitious Mrs. Barnes frowned at Betty's social heresy and placed the last in her hairpin in her waved masses of iron gray hair. "We'll have to set our own stage soon, for we have such an accumulation of guests that we shall be compelled to give an 'at home' before we leave for the summer."

"Then let's have it over as soon as possible," was Betty's quick response. "After all, the florist and the caterer are the ones who really put it over, while we stand in the wings and are, and take up the tickets and turn the audience loose to find seats and eat wherever it can."

"You're so terribly disappointing," another frown accompanied this remonstrance from Mrs. Barnes. "When you have been the season's social sensation, you've coolly rebuffed the social leaders and have actually appeared bored with the attention they have been paying to you. Keep up such conduct another season and you'll be worse than a stage figure; you'll be forced clear out of the wings."

"Then perhaps I'll knock up an acquaintance with the stage hands or the newspaper reporters or somebody else who can be spontaneous and interesting." This rejoinder touched the spark that sent her mother's anger into a blaze.

"Please don't remind me of your scandalous conduct at the Lafayette club dinner dance," she never failed to say. "Mr. Markham and Browns found out that it was you who gave the information about their feud to the impertinent young scrub reporter."

"Cub reporter, mother," corrected Betty, "and that very story promoted him to the position of editor."

"And while three other debutantes walk off with the biggest catches of the season, you, I suppose, waste your time dreaming about impossible young upstarts whose audacity is their only passport into society."

"While I don't consider my time wasted this winter, I consider my whole life wasted if I married some man whose only passport into society is his mother's name, or his count or a lot of original ancestors."

"We will not discuss this matter now," Mrs. Barnes exuded finally. "I have a headache and I must go to bed. I shall expect you to be decently cordial." Having given the last impact to her mother's velvet cushion, the matron swept from the room and down stairs.

Betty sat for a few minutes just as her mother left her. Smiles, frowns, dreamy, half mischievous, played about her pretty mouth and in her brown eyes she saw the velvet cushion did a sprightly, but silent, skid dance into her own room. But no evidence of this suppressed hilarity could be seen on her face.

By the time the second course was served, Mrs. Markham produced her conversational trump—the latest book.

"Have you read that piece of effrontery 'Maneuvering for First Place'?" Her question included everybody at the table.

Mrs. Barnes pleaded such a busy week with club committees that she had not even had time to look at the book. Betty, however, offered a meek affirmative and Mrs. Barnes surprised them all with his reply.

"I read it yesterday on the train coming from Chicago," he said. "When I found that Betty had put it in my traveling bag along with my favorite copy of Hazen, I felt like spanking her, but I'll have to confess that the audacious title page carried me right into the fight and that carried me on through the book."

"Well, don't you think it the most audacious slap at society imaginable?" Mrs. Markham's indignation was deep and dignified.

"Frankly," said Mr. Barnes, with a smile, "I thought it was a pretty good hit at us for allowing ourselves to put too much stress on non-essentials."

"Who wrote it?" demanded Mrs. Barnes, with hostility.

"It's anonymous," Betty supposed to have been written by a group of people who style themselves "The Social Squad."

"Doubtless some disgruntled climbers who failed to arrive," sniffed Mrs. Barnes, and Mrs. Markham instantly agreed with her.

"Not a bit of it," said Mr. Markham. "It's not malicious, but it hits a lot of right between the eyes. I'm glad I've got enough sense to make it like a man so far as it hits me."

The talk drifted to other subjects, and just as the dinner was over a telephone message summoned the Markhams home on account of an accident to one of the children; so the bridge game that invariably followed dinner had to be abandoned.

Mr. Barnes resumed reading his unfinished evening paper. Betty busied herself with some loose envelopes and Mrs. Barnes picked up the new book that had been discussed at dinner.

"If every one is reading this I suppose I'll have to read it, too," she began, but the next instant stiffened, for in the doorway appeared Barnaby Wood, wearing the same old-fashioned upstart young "scrub" reporter referred to in her conversation with Betty before dinner.

"Straight and assured, though dressed in a suit," immediately after the first formal greetings were over, he started in to say that he had been called by Mrs. Barnes before the book he and Betty would like to make a confession.

"Betty Barnes," said Mrs. Barnes, "has been reading your book and she has given me the right to call her that. She said she was surprised and Mr. Barnes now to consent to our naming the book after her."

Mrs. Barnes turned in silent but exasperated appeal to Mr. Barnes, who stepped forward. Barnaby faced him and in a straight tone told of his love for Betty and of his parentage and family connections.

"And your means of support?" asked John Barnes, who was sitting by Betty's side.

"Why, daddy," broke in Betty, "our book is already in the fourteenth thousand, and the publishers say it will go to fifty within the month. Then, considering she covered her blushing face with both her hands, but dropped them as her father spoke.

"Never knew before that you were the son of the fellow I knew at college as 'Square John Wood,' but I'll confess I did suspect you two of being accomplices in that 'Maneuvering for First Place'." Mother, shall we let this squad of spies escape and cast their lots together for life?"

"Oh, yes, and that they keep their crime a secret, and shift the scene of future stories away from my social set." Mrs. Barnes named her conditions in all seriousness.

"Oh, we've already shifted the scene to the working classes in our new book. Betty, smiling when everybody at once. Her mother's only response was a shake of the head, but presently she and Mr. Barnes left Betty and Barnaby to themselves, and for the moment both extremes of society were entirely forgotten by the two young reformers." (Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Evening Chat

By RUTH CAMERON.

Plainness Unadorned.

Opposite me on the car the other day sat a rather plain woman. She had harsh features and she wore thick glasses.

And how do you suppose she was dressed?

A glint of light color and striking cut, a yellow silk blouse, flower-garden hat, a string of blue beads and a white fur!

Can you imagine any combination of clothing more unfortunate for that type of woman?

Poor lady, she probably knew she was plain and was endeavoring to alleviate that plainness by the elaborateness of her toilette. And instead she called attention to it and made it infinitely worse.

It takes a very pretty woman to wear clothes of that sort and yet everywhere you see plain women who make the mistake of dishing themselves up in fancy clothes.

It's just as foolish as it is to try to hide one's plainness by a gown by a slather of trimming.

Plain people look best in plain clothes.

I looked to get hold of that woman and put her in a plain tailored suit, preferably dark blue, a simple white blouse, and a close hat, carefully selected to suit her face. She would not have been pretty even then, but what have been a much more agreeable object to look at.

What strange ideas people do have about the kind of clothes that become them!

For instance, white is popularly considered a universally becoming color and every young girl is supposed to look her best in her simple white dress.

And yet not one girl in fifty looks as well in white as she does in the right color.

Think of a graduation the other day and marvelled that among twenty graduates there was not one thoroughly pretty girl.

And so later I saw those same girls at a reception. They were dressed in afternoon dresses of various colors, and several looked attractive and one or two very nice. And then it came to me that before they had been handicapped by white trim.

Conversely, black is not half so unbecoming as it is popularly supposed to be. A black gown generously relieved by white about the throat is becoming to almost any one, and the right kind of black in dress is often easier to wear than white.

Bright colors are the most trying and yet people who wouldn't dream of wearing black hesitatingly wear such trying shades as rose and cerise.

Can't all be pretty, but we can all be as pretty as we can. And I think "know thyself" means know your style and the colors you can wear as well as your powers and abilities. (Protected by George Matthew Adams.)

NO TRAINING OFFICERS

Call for Volunteers Useless, Say War Department Authorities.

Washington, June 26.—That in the event of war with Mexico no volunteers will be called for until the militia organization is completed and the men all on the border, was the opinion today expressed by War department officials.

They said it would be useless to call for volunteers when all available men are being absorbed by the militia. Also under present conditions, there would be no officers who could be used to train the volunteers.

Fourteen Regiments From "Empire State" Leave Today.

New York, June 26.—The movement of national guard troops from the department of the east toward the Mexican border will begin today in response to the appeal of Secretary War Baker to Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood to send 14 regiments, including infantry, cavalry and field artillery, to the border.

Fourteen regiments, including infantry, cavalry and field artillery, are under orders from General Wood to start before night.

Early today it appeared doubtful whether all these commands could get away within the twenty-four hours' time specified by General Wood. Difficulty in obtaining special trains may delay the departure. Later reports said the New York troops will go by Brownsville.

Prisco Sends Coast Artillery.

San Francisco, June 26.—Seven companies of United States coast artillery left here today for the Mexican border duty in Southern California. Five of the companies will go to Calexico and the other two, the 1st and 2nd, will go to San Diego.

The troops will guard the border line which the troops will guard the border line which the troops will guard the border line.

New Jersey Envoys Today.

Seagraves, N. J., June 26.—The first contingent of 1,000 men from the 1st and 2nd regiments of the New Jersey National Guard will leave today for the Mexican border.

Move Pennsylvania Troops.

Harrisburg, Pa., June 26.—Upon the receipt of orders from the war department, Adjutant General Stewart today ordered the First, Second, Third and Fourth regiments of Pennsylvania to leave mobilization camp at Mount Gretna, Pa., tomorrow night.

The brigade will be accompanied by one battalion of engineers, one field signal corps, one field hospital corps.

LOCAL MENTION

Call 1377, Howard, for proper mower sharpening.—Adv.

Members of the Commercial club's golf committee, at a meeting today, issued a call for a meeting of road enthusiasts from Topeka, Eskridge, Council Grove, Dover to be held in Eskridge, July 11. The meeting will be called to lay out the route of the Southwest Trail from Topeka through Dover, Eskridge and Council Grove.

Framing and silvers, Coe, 325 Kansas Ave.—Adv.

WON'T MEDIATE

U. S. Informs Diplomats No Time for Parley.

Must at Least Await Next Reply From Mexico.

Washington, June 26.—Minister Calderon said he had been informed by Secretary Lansing that the United States considered this was not the time for mediation. The minister added, however, that the Latin American countries might consider the subject again after the United States had received a reply to its note to the de facto government of Mexico.

Six Central and South American republics, through their representatives here, inquired formally today of Elihu Arredondo, General Carranza's ambassador, to designate formally whether his government would accept offers of mediation in the crisis between the United States and Mexico.

WIFE NEAR COLLAPSE

News of Finding More Breaks Spell of Anxiety.

Austin, Tex., June 26.—Capt. Lewis S. Morey's wireless to his wife stating that he was sick in the army hospital, came lines reached her just in time to save her from a nervous collapse. She had had no sleep since Wednesday.

MOREY GETS BACK

Wounded Captain Finally Reaches Pershing Camp.

Suffering Loss of Much Blood; Hid in Shack.

Field Headquarters, Mexico, June 26.—Capt. Lewis S. Morey was brought to General Pershing's headquarters today by automobile and gave the American commander a personal account of the Carranza fight. Morey appeared to be in good physical condition considering his wound and the privations he endured before being found by a relief column. His wound was treated by surgeons here.

Adobe Hut Refuge.

Columbus, N. M., June 26.—Hiding in the ranch house of an American named McCabe, near the Carranza fight, was found by Major Jenkins and a cavalry relief column, according to official advisers received here today.

Morey and the remnants of his troop, K, took refuge in an adobe house almost within the Carranza lines at the Carranza fight. Morey and his troops were surrounded by the Carranza forces and were forced to take refuge in the adobe house.

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